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The Poet Goethe.

A HERETOFORE UNPUBLISHED POEM.

The history of the following poem by Goethe is given in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, in which it has just been published for the first time from the poet's manuscript. In 1838 the script was given to Emil du Bois-Reymond, the well-known physiologist, by Professor Alfred Nicolovius, a grandson of Goethe's favorite sister, Cornelia. Du Bois-Reymond supposed that the verses were, of course, to be found in the "Westöstliche Divan," and so never looked for them there. He happened to quote them in the laboratory one day in the presence of his assistant, Dr. Boll, who was a lover of Goethe, and who did not recognize them. Dr. Boll failed to find them in any edition of Goethe's works, and when they were shown to the great authority on the poet, the Geheim-Ober-Regierungsrath, Herr G. von Loeper, he pronounced them to be unpublished. The hand-writing is indubitably that of the poet. Several months ago they were sent to the Marchese Anselmo Guerrieri-Gonzaga, the Italian translator of "Faust" and "Hermann und Dorothea," who rendered them into Italian for the February number of *Fanfulla*. In the New York *World* the following English translation from the German text appears:

EBLIS.

A PARABLE OF GOETHE.

When meet the thoughtful and clear of sight,
Then only true wisdom is brought to light.
Of old was given by Sheba's Queen
A test of the delicate sense I mean;

When unto Solomon, the King,
She brought a golden offering:
A vase high carved, with fish and bird
And beast; with ornaments unheard,
Undreamed of, cunning; on either hand
Jachin and Boaz set to stand.

If a clumsy varlet careless touch
The wondrous vase, an instant smutch
Mars that tracery fine and high:
'Tis restored in a flash. But the joy of the eye
And the rapture of beauty are gone for aye!

Then spake the King: 'Tis even so!
Alas! that a foul and loutish blow
Can lay our loftiest treasures low!
The Spirits of Evil, man that hate,
No perfect thing can tolerate.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Notes on "Acis and Galatea."

Handel's fame rests so largely on his Oratorios that we are perhaps too ready to think of him in connection with sacred music only. We are apt to forget that he was the composer of numerous operas, of which only a few airs survive in performance (although the scores of some twenty of the operas have recently been published), and that he was known to his contemporaries as a most versatile genius; as a writer of every kind of music from a hornpipe to the Hallelujah Chorus, as manager of an opera-house during thirty years, and as one of the most skilful players of his time upon the harpsichord and organ.

The charming Serenata of "Acis and Galatea," lately heard in Boston at two of the Cecilia concerts, introduces the great master to us in one of his lighter moods. This work is a most interesting one from various points of view. Aside from the charm of the music itself, and from its interest as a somewhat earlier composition of Handel's than we often hear, it affords a good example of the way the compo-

ser worked. "Acis and Galatea" passed through many intermediate stages before it reached its present form. The history of the Italian "Aci" of 1708, and of the English "Acis" of 1720, of their union in 1732, and of the final separation of the English work from the very different Italian one in 1739 is a curious study.

The plot follows closely the old Latin fable. The scene is laid in a valley of Sicily through which runs a stream that still bears the name of Acis. Shut in by mountains, upon whose green slopes their flocks found pasturage, the people lived simply and peacefully, the blue Italian sky above them and the warm sunlight bringing them life and light. The sudden breaking out of a storm in this happy valley, the thunder reverberating among the mountains like the roar of a giant; the flocks and shepherds seeking shelter from the tornado as it swept along, uprooting trees and hurling huge rocks down the mountain-sides; the fierce rain-storm, almost inundating the plain and changing the little stream that flowed through it into a foaming river, rushing to the sea;—such may have been the foundation of the following story.

The sea-nymph, Galatea, had two lovers: Acis, a shepherd, son of the god Faunus and of the nymph Simethis, and the monster Polyphemus, the largest and mightiest of the Cyclopes. Naturally enough she preferred the handsome shepherd to a one-eyed giant who lived on human flesh, and of course the Cyclops grew jealous of his favored rival. He one day spied the happy pair at the foot of Mount Etna, and in his fury flung a huge rock down upon them. Galatea escaped to the sea, but Acis was crushed by the blow, whereupon the nymph turned her lover into a stream, thus making him immortal.

When Handel was in Naples, about the year 1708, he wrote the Serenata of "Aci, Galatea e Polifemo." In this early Italian work everything takes place between the three personages; there is neither any division of acts, nor chorus, nor even an overture; at least according to the present state of the MS. It is, indeed, more of a cantata for three voices with an orchestra than a serenata; at any rate, it is not an opera, as Mr. Bennett calls it in his preface to the English "Acis" published by the Handel Society. But whatever may be the title, this composition, written by the author when only twenty-three years old, and still un-edited, is far from meriting oblivion. According to Mr. Lacy's analysis, the introduction between Aci (soprano) and Galatea (contralto), "Sorge il di," is full of grace, and its accompaniment is of exquisite delicacy. "Se m'am, o caro," which Handel introduced into *Pastor Fido*, and which Burney calls "extremely plaintive and elegant," has a very original accompaniment of two violoncellos and a double-bass. The air of Aci "Che non può la gelosia," is profound

in expression; and his death-song, "Verso già l'alma," is full of discordant harmonies and of the greatest ability. The air "Qui l'angel di pianta in pianta," is a charming little Sicilienne, with a hautboy *obbligato* from one end to the other, sometimes giving an echo to the voice, and sometimes forming a duet with it, and always with infinite grace. Polifemo (basso) has a love-song: "Non sempre, no, crudele," entirely different from the celebrated "O ruddier than the cherry," of the English "Acis," but which is certainly a not less happy piece of barbarity. Whoever sang the part of Polifemo had certainly the most extraordinary voice for which music has ever been composed.* One of his airs contains a skip of two octaves and a fifth!†

The English "Acis," a much better known work, was composed about the year 1720,‡ for the amusement of the guests of the "magnificent" Duke of Chandos. This nobleman had been paymaster-general of Queen Anne's army and had amassed an immense fortune. About the year 1712, he built the famous country-seat of Cannons, near the village of Edgware, about nine miles from London. Here he "lived in splendor till his death, in 1744." Among the other attractions of this place, was a chapel, furnished like the churches of Italy, where music was performed by a fine choir and orchestra. Thither the "grand duke" went, "with true Christian humility" attended by a hundred Swiss guards, and thither came the fashionable world of London, "to pray to God with his grace." Dr. Pepusch was the chapel-master until 1718, when Handel came back from Hanover and was invited to Cannons. He remained there until 1721, directing the music in the chapel and composing, among other things, the famous "Chandos" anthems, the oratorio of "Esther," and the serenata of "Acis and Galatea."§

The pretty poem for this English serenata is by Gay, assisted by the other literary frequenters of the mansion. Here may be found some verses by Pope: "Not showers to larks," and a strophe by Hughes: "Would you gain the tender creature?" nor did they hesitate to take "Help, Galatea, help!" from Dryden's translation of the thirteenth book of Ovid's "Metamorphoses."||

After its first performance, "Acis" was laid aside and probably forgotten by Handel; but Walsh, the famous music-printer, soon published selections from it in his set of "Favorite Songs by Celebrated Composers." These selections, at first sold separately, were united in one collection in 1723, under the title, "Acis and Galatea, a serenata, composed by Mr. Handel." With the exception of the overture and

* See Schoelcher's "Life of Handel" pp. 43-4.

† Given in Chrysander's "G. F. Handel." Vol. I. p. 243.

‡ Chrysander. Vol. I. pp. 479-87.

§ See Schoelcher. pp. 69-70.

|| Schoelcher. pp. 80-1.

choruses, this collection contains nearly the whole of the work.

The first public performance of "Acis" took place in 1731, at the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's Inn Fields, but it was given in such an incomplete manner that this representation must have been a very unsatisfactory one. There was no chorus whatever, the gaps caused by its omission being filled by a part called Coridon, introduced for the purpose. The music for this personage was pieced together from Handel's choruses and other sources.

In May 1732, however, the entire serenata was given, just as it had been executed at Cannons, the only change being the division of the music into three acts. This performance, which was so well managed as to provoke curiosity, was conducted by an upholsterer named Arne,* and took place in the Haymarket Theatre, directly opposite Handel's opera-house. The part of Galatea was assigned to Miss Arne, afterwards known as Mrs. Theophilus Cibber, one of the most famous singers of that day.

These performances had been undertaken without Handel's aid. On the 5th of June, 1732, the following announcement appeared in the "Daily Journal":

"In the King's Theater, in the Haymarket, the present Saturday, being the 10th of June, will be performed a serenata, called "Acis and Galatea," formerly composed by Mr. Handel, and now revised by him, with several additions, and to be performed by a great number of the best voices and instruments. There will be no action on the stage, but the scene will represent, in a picturesque manner, a rural prospect, with rocks, groves, fountains and grottoes, among which will be disposed a chorus of nymphs and shepherds; the habits and every other decoration suited to the subject."†

This "Acis" was a curious mixture, for Handel, in order to attract the public, added a good part of the Italian composition to the English one and wrote three new choruses, two in Italian, and one, ("Smiling Venus, Queen of Love,") in English. The work thus assumed quite imposing dimensions. It was divided into three parts, and there were nine soloists, of whom seven were Italian and two English. Such a performance would be strange indeed now-a-days, but it was hardly a novelty then, operas being often sung partly in Italian and partly in English.

"Acis" was performed in this manner four times during the season of 1731-32, and four times the following December. Handel often gave it after this, making changes in it for every performance, as was his custom. In 1739, however, he appears to have gone back to the English "Acis" as it had been produced at Cannons. The only change the composition received was its division into two parts and the addition of the chorus "Happy We," whereas the Acis of 1720 had consisted of only one part, the duet between Acis and Galatea being immediately followed by the chorus, "Wretched lovers."‡

In this connection, an extract from Mr. John Hullah's lectures on the Transition Period of

Musical History, may prove interesting. He says:

"Whether from pressure of time, or from a very natural unwillingness that so much good material and careful workmanship should be wasted, Handel often fell back, later in life, on the productions of his earlier years. And this, in two ways. (1) He took the 'subjects' of former compositions, and treated them in a new way, developing them more fully, decorating them, and augmenting their interest by the addition of others; and (2) a much more simple procedure, he took his older compositions bodily, and adapted them to new situations and to new words, often of a very different character. In one instance which 'Acis and Galatea' presents of adaptation of old materials, Handel has achieved a feat analogous to what builders call 'under-pinning.' He has not furnished up an old fabric with a new facade, nor has he rebuilt one out of old materials. But he has left an entire and elaborate structure as it was, and given it a new foundation. To drop metaphor, he has added to a contrapuntal movement on two subjects a third subject, which, from its surpassing dignity, situation, and treatment, seems not to have been added to them, but, as it were, to have taken them on to it. I cannot call to mind another instance of a similar proceeding. Every one will know the chorus, 'Wretched Lovers,' and the wailing, prophetic strain with which it opens, and will remember the stirring second subject on the words, 'Behold the monster Polypheme,' and the counter subject, so different in character, on a fragment of the same phrase. In a set of thirteen 'Chamber Duets,' which Handel is said to have written during his stay in Hanover after his first visit to England, i.e., in the year 1711, there is a movement which is made up of the second and third subjects of the chorus, but without the first. As an example of one of Handel's earlier productions, of which he evidently thought well, and which illustrates one of his modes of working* it is most interesting."†

The origin of the chorus, "Happy We" is not yet ascertained. Handel first wrote a longer chorus,‡ which he afterwards worked over and placed in its present position at the end of the first part. A national song of Wales (The Rising Sun) has been thought to have furnished the ground-work for this chorus; but this song has not been proved to be equally old with Handel's composition, which, moreover, has, in general, an Italian stamp and is remarkably like a certain aria by Scarlatti.§

Since Handel's death, "Acis" has been by no means forgotten. It has even been performed upon the stage with action and scenery. Under the management of Macready, it had a long run. In 1788 the orchestral score was arranged by Mozart. He added nothing of his own, however, being content to carry out Handel's suggestions.]

At the recent concerts of the Cecilia, the English "Acis" of 1739 was given, with some

* See "The Transition Period of Musical History," by John Hullah. pp. 278, 277-86.

† To be found in No. 12, of the "Chamber Duets," at the words "Dag! amori flagellata."

‡ See Appendix to edition of "Acis" published by the Handel Gesellschaft.

§ See Chrysander. Vol. II. p. 269, foot-note.

|| Chrysander. Vol. I. p. 485.

omissions. The part of Damon was left out entirely, also an air assigned to Acis, "Where shall I seek the charming fair?", some passages of recitative between Polyphemus and Galatea, and the air for Polyphemus, "Cease to beauty to be suing."

Let us hope that, after this, we may often have the opportunity of hearing this delightful work as delightfully rendered as it was on May 22nd, 1878.

M. P. W.

How Haydn Composed his First Opera.*

The immortal composer, Joseph Haydn, was born on the 31st March, 1732, at Rohrau, in Lower Austria. He was the eldest of twenty children, his father being a wheelwright, named Mathias, who had learned in his wanderings about the country when a journeyman to play the harp a little, and was fond of exercising that talent in his leisure hours after he had set up for himself at Rohrau. His wife, Annamire (Anna Maria), generally accompanied the melodies with her pleasing voice, while little Sepperl (as Joseph is expressed in the dialect of those parts) used to sit near them scraping away with a stick upon his arm, as though he was playing the violin. One day, Herr Johann Frank, Headmaster of the school at Hainburg, a place not far off, came over on a visit, and the Haydn family got up for his benefit one of their domestic concerts. "The devil!" observed the visitor, after listening a while, "how is it that Sepperl, who is only five, keeps time so well?"—"It comes of itself; we never taught him."—"The young rascal has a natural taste for music, and, if you will let me take him with me to Hainburg, I will educate him, and in time make a priest of him."—"The father and mother joyfully accepted the offer, and Joseph Haydn went off with the head-master to Hainburg, where he received instruction in reading and writing, religious subjects, singing, and in playing almost every instrument, even including the kettle-drum. When only in his eighth year, he had become a musical virtuoso, celebrated far and near. He often subsequently remarked, when a great composer: "I am indebted to cousin Frank, now in his grave, for having made me do so many different things, though I received more kicks than hapence in the process!" At the expiration of three years, Reutter, Court-Chapelmaster of Vienna, visited the small town, to obtain singing-boys for St. Stephen's church. "The phenomenal Joseph" (Wunder-Sepperl), as he was then called, was especially recommended. The Chapelmaster sent for the boy, and, having tested his powers, was utterly astonished at the sweetness of his voice and his correct execution. He accepted him, and the boy soon afterwards left Hainburg to enter as a pupil at the Chapel-house of St. Stephen's, Vienna, where he remained till his sixteenth year. His voice then broke, and he was dismissed in consequence. He took a wretched garret in the building known as Michael's House. In this garret he scarcely found protection from the rain, far less from the cold. He studied industriously, gave music lessons and earned a few seventeen kreuzer-pieces, "gassatim" (as the fact of giving serenades at night is called in musical phraseology.)† Though this was only a scanty means of subsistence, he did not lose his good spirits. One evening, as, tired out with hard study, he was about retiring to rest, he heard some one in the street calling him by name. Though undressed, he put his head out of the window, and asked: "What is it?"—"Why, come down as soon as you can; we have got a good job of a serenade, look sharp!"—"A serenade?" cried Haydn, "Not for a million!"—"Each of us will receive a florin and thirty kreuzers."—"Wait a bit, I'll be with you in no time!" replied Haydn. With these words, he hastily slipped on his clothes, and darted down stairs to earn the "florin and thirty kreuzers." It was lucky for him that he did so.‡

The serenade was in honor of a popular Viennese beauty, wife of the celebrated comic actor Bernardon—or properly: Kurz—who was manager of the

* From the *Signale*. Translated in the *London Musical World*.

† "Gassatim" is a comic mongrel word, coined from the German "Gasse," a street, lane, and the Latin termination "tim," found in "verbaticum," etc. It signifies: "about the streets."—J. V. B.

‡ According to authentic tradition, this anecdote emanated from Father Haydn himself.

* Father of Dr. Arne, the composer.

† Schoelcher. p. 135.

‡ See Chrysander. Vol. II. pp. 262-69.

Kärntner-Theater. Curious heads were looking on all sides out of the windows; the *jeunesse dorée* of the capital, who had gathered to the spot, lounged up and down, listening to the strange, but exceeding clever composition, which the nocturnal musicians were performing. They applauded and frequently cried: "*Brava la bella Direttrice!*" Suddenly the husband of the "most perfect goddess of love," rushed into the street. "Who is the confounded fellow who composed this serenade?" he asked the musicians!—"I am," answered a delicate, seedy youth about nineteen.—"Don't try to impose on me, my youthful friend; that is the composition of some great master, with whom I am unfortunately not familiar. You do not mean to say you could write anything so good and sterling?"—"I feel flattered that you like my composition, for I, and no one else, composed it. I compose sonatas, which I sell to my pupils; besides waltzes, minuets, and serenades, which, like the one to day, I execute with my friends."—"You are a duce of a fellow to write so beautifully at your age."—"Well, one must begin at some time or other."—"That's a good joke! Who are you?"—"I am Seppel Haydn of Rohrau."—"I must have an opera from you. Come up with me."

Haydn followed the Manager, was introduced to the latter's handsome wife, made a magnificent supper, and was presented with some shining ducats, together with the libretto of *Der hinkende Teufel*, (*The Devil on two Sticks*). He went every day to Kurz's and played the scenes he had set. Kurz was pleased with them all save one—that in which the storm at sea was to be portrayed. With a roll of paper in one hand, he paced hurriedly up and down the room, passing his other hand despairingly every instant through his hair. Haydn, seated at the piano, was perspiring with desperate inspiration, his fingers the while wandering restlessly over the keys. "That won't do, Seppel!" cried Kurz. "Good gracious! have you never heard a storm roaring? It will be utterly impossible to bring out the opera—confound the storm at sea!"—"I cannot hit on it; the devil may describe it, for I can't," exclaimed Haydn, dashing in despair impetuously over the keyboard with both hands.—"Rosechafer! You've got it!" cried Kurz, with the greatest delight. "Did not I say: You'll hit on it? Play it again.—There; don't you hear how the storm sweeps over the waters?" Then, falling on Haydn's neck, he kissed him again and again, saying: "Haydn, you are a great master, whom no one can surpass, and you will make for yourself a glorious name."

This, Haydn's first opera, was brought out with immense success in 1751, and produced the composer 24 gold pieces.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A National Church Music.

BY W. J. PATTEN.

Possibly the above heading may look a little startling to people of democratic views; but, thoroughly believing that it is one of the inevitables, I earnestly invite a careful investigation of the subject before coming to a decision. We are a church-going, singing nation. In all departments of education, science, and enterprise, we have "system," and in all phases of worship, excepting the song, we recognize a form and a standard, below which no effort will be tolerated. Why then is this prominent and powerful feature of our religious service left almost entirely to the ambition of a few composers and compilers, or to the caprice of publishers?

Before me lies a volume which, according to the preface, was prepared for the advancement of congregational singing; and yet of its hundreds of tunes more than one half are worthless, and two thirds of the remainder are so common-place and aimless, that the people have no appetite for them. In the largest cities and in their most popular churches, some good collections of tunes are used; but even here their "goodness" depends mainly upon a fine organ and a brilliant and well-trained choir; while in the great mass of cities and towns throughout the land, the hymn-books in use are filled with unmusical, worthless tunes, interspersed, of course, with the old "standards." The conse-

quence is, that the singing is confined to about a score of such tunes as Dennis, Marlow, Greenville, St. Thomas, Coronation, Old Hundred, etc.; so that people have become possessed of the idea that there is but one set of tunes for the past, present, and future, and they draw them over and over, year in and year out, with a mechanical submission, which is at once edifying and exasperating.

Now that these old tunes are good and noble, no one will deny; but *because* they are good are we to be forever satisfied with them? Shall we admit verbally, as we do practically, that when Dr. Mason died, all talent and ambition to compose noble tunes died with him? I do not deny that some grand tunes have been written since then, but how many, and what of it? (I am aware that this attack upon the traditions of the fathers, will stir up a certain kind of indignation; but so much the better, if it only serves to shatter the sentimental apathy in to which we, as a singing nation, have fallen.)

Many years ago men of fair musical education and ability composed tunes to meet the times. Such names as Stanley, Read, Edson, Billings, Holden, Randall, Williams, Malan, Webb, King-ley, Mason, etc., etc., have become a part of musical history, because the men knew that good tunes would increase religious feeling and perpetuate the composer's name, while the song, dance, glee, and other popular productions would perish as quickly as they came. Grasping this idea they made such tunes as the education and taste of those days inspired: and are these early productions to suffice for all time? Did these men, living and writing at the very dawn, as it were, of congregational singing, exhaust the resources of the scale, and reach the limit of inspiration?

Congregational singing, as an established part of public worship, is becoming more and more decidedly an institution in this country; whether it is the best way or not, the fact remains, and if composers do not wish to be left behind in the race, they must move with the mass. The demand for good congregational tunes is larger and more discriminating to-day than ever before, and it is folly to think of relying always upon the few old tunes that have out-lived their contemporaries, and worse than folly to plod heedlessly on and think nothing about it. The composers of to-day must take up their pens and make new tunes for our worship. We are living in an age which will become grandly historical for its brilliant musical attainments, and advantages. The oratorio, the opera, the cantata, the symphony are produced [?] and performed in our cities amid a ripe and healthy appreciation and enthusiasm, while the music (?) in our churches is fairly mouldy! Where are the men of genius who can compose a grand symphony, that they will not give the worshipping congregation a few good enduring tunes? Where are the men of talent who can produce song after song of noble character and beautiful melody, that they will not make tunes for millions who are fairly hungry for them, and thus contribute their part to the music which forms the ground tier of all musical feeling? We must have a National Church Music, established and moulded by the men of to-day,—a nucleus upon and around which our descendants may enlarge. When the great revivalists of the West began to call together the people, and the old moss-grown barriers around their hearts began to give way, the sleeping power of song sprang to life within them, and began to clamor for expression. Then, upon the understanding of those great leaders, dawned the crushing necessity of having new music. The little collections of Gospel hymns and songs were hastily prepared to meet this immediate want, and, while they possessed no such sterling qualities as do the grand

old tunes which were thrown aside, their newness and freshness touched every heart. It is the people's thirst for new tunes, rather than the real merit of the compositions, which has caused their tones to spread like wild-fire throughout the land. I mean no reflection upon the Gospel songs. They are good and beautiful and have carried joy and peace to many weary hearts; but they are not enduring, for already the people are looking for something else, and this is what we must be thinking of. What an opportunity to confer upon the nation a priceless blessing.

When I think of the hundreds of talented composers who have had experience in this phase of musical progress, and who know the style of tunes which the people love, and when I think what a grand and beautiful collection of lofty tunes could be compiled from the creations of these men, my heart is thrilled with emotion, and goes up in prayer to God that men may rouse themselves and joyfully spring to the holy task! There are many ways in which this end may be brought about, and the best one will ultimately be selected. I would like to make these few comments upon the matter.

First, the result sought, while its pursuance may render some profit to the publishers, is for public good, hence clergymen and laymen, singers and players, publishers and dealers alike should join hands in its behalf. Second, no individual interests or ambitions should be consulted. Third, as a National Music is our aim, while we have to employ hymns in compiling, no discrimination in matters of creed, or form can be entertained; as, having established the work, ecclesiastical bodies may effect such alterations of text as pleases them. Tunes may be collected by men of judgment, in the various centres of the country, when the subject has been thoroughly ventilated, and compositions solicited from experienced writers.

These tunes should be made solely for congregational use, and while they adhere to the true dignity demanded in the premises, they should reflect the taste and emotion of the people represented by the composer. Tunes written in Maine might not become at once popular in Georgia, but such a natural interchange of thought and feeling will naturally lead to a blending of taste and style; and, continuing upon the path which is thus opened, our successors will be enabled to complete and beautify a truly National School of Church Music, which shall be as powerful both in the scope of religion and of music, as was the National Opera of Italy. When the number of tunes contributed is deemed sufficiently large, a commission of competent judges may examine and cull them, and compile Vol. I. A book issued under such auspices would meet with an unprecedented sale, and its influence upon the sacred music of the day cannot be over-estimated. In the natural course of events, Vol. II. would be issued in the same way, and the stimulus thus given to the cause of Sacred Song would bear in its train many blessings not now foreseen.

Having thus opened the subject, I appeal to all to take up the cry and send it along until such a fire shall be kindled as shall revolutionize the downward spirit of the times. I appeal to those whose pens are inspired to write sacred poetry,—to those who can fittingly wed the beautiful lines to music, whose grand waves shall roll thro' all time,—to the ministers whose success and happiness depend so largely upon the singing of their congregations;—and to publishers, to offer whatever of encouragement they can, to a movement which is so pure in its design, so high in its aim, and together we will make the "Music of the Future" a reality in all the sanctuaries of our native land.

—Bangor, Me., June 10th, 1878.

Rossini's "Moses in Egypt," given in London as an Oratorio.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," May 27.)

The Sacred Harmonic Society is an eminently respectable and conservative institution. It has long passed its youth, and outgrown friskiness. It acts up to the old copybook maxim, "Do nothing rashly," and above all does it guard against running off the beaten track in chase of any gaudy butterfly that may chance to flutter into view. As says Dr. Johnson—

"Cautious age suspects the flattering form,
And only credits what experience tells."

This is the rule, but times of exception come both to individuals and institutions. We all remember how the sage and venerable President of the Pickwick Club behaved at Dingley Dell under the stimulus of agreeable surroundings—how he tired out no end of partners in the country dance, and on the ice obeyed Sam Weller's injunction "to keep the pot a bilin'" with youthful agility. So it is sometimes with associated bodies of men. Have we not known a Tory Government outstrip opponents who are nothing if not innovators, and promote household suffrage? Similarly, here is the Sacred Harmonic Society, pledged by its traditions to the grave solidity of Handel, and only now and then condescending to the airy devotion of an Italian *Slabat Mater*, making a foray into the region of opera, capturing a prize, dressing it up, and presenting it as an oratorio. Marvellous, this, to tell, and people have looked upon it with the dubious expression which suggests thoughts they are too polite to utter—thoughts as to the possible expediency of a commission in lunacy. But, though it may be strange for the Sacred Harmonic Society thus to act, the act itself is by no means unexampled. It was no uncommon thing in the days when Lent was marked at our lyric theatres by oratorio performances, for operas founded on sacred, or quasi-sacred themes, to be given in oratorio form. The very work presented in Exeter Hall on Friday evening—or, rather, the original version of it—was produced as an oratorio in 1822, and a year later Rossini's fifth opera, *Ciro in Babilonia*, was heard under like conditions. It would be wrong, therefore, for those who disapprove of the Sacred Harmonic Society's latest achievement to visit it with the censure due to that which is not only bad, but unexampled in its badness. The Society has only repeated the act of 1822, and gone back more than half a century for an example. But, in a single respect, at least, it has not come fully up to precedent. The oratorio managers of 1822 frankly stated that the works performed were not what they seemed. They avowed to all the world that *Mosé* and *Ciro in Babilonia* were operas, transferred, with certain modifications, to the concert platform, and oratorios only in regard to the nature of the subject and the conditions of the performance. The Sacred Harmonic Society has acted differently—so much so that it is within the bounds of possibility for musical historians, at some period, when nineteenth century civilization is as remote as that of the Greeks now, to believe that there really existed an oratorio composer called Rossini. The directors officially style the work "an oratorio," and in the score published by them not the remotest indication that it ever was an opera can be found. Waiving altogether the question, which even a master so exacting as Wagner has admitted, whether it is right to present a work of art under conditions never contemplated by its author, we may still doubt if the suppression of its original character be fair. But we go further, and say that it is not fair. Questionless, the directors had reasons which appeared to them sufficient. We do not, however, desire to know them, for Art, like mathematics, has its axioms, needless of proof, and incapable of being explained away. Can it be said, on the other hand, that the hiding of Rossini's opera under the cloak of oratorio is in any measure condoned by results? To some extent this can be said. Our public, barred from the opera by its subject, and by the warning example of previous failure, now know with what sort of music Rossini illustrated a series of stupendous Biblical events, and what, in 1818 and 1827, Italy and France respectively could accept as very serious lyric drama. This is something—but it is more—the directors, perhaps, think it very much more—to hear Rossinian melodies in Exeter Hall, and to have them rapturously applauded by an audience trained to the solemnities of oratorio proper. Will the movement stop here? Or may we antici-

pate *Ciro in Babilonia* with, perhaps, Verdi's *Nebuchadnezzar* to follow?

But let us turn to the opera, which we may not ignore, though the Society does so. In 1818, when Rossini was at the height of his popularity with the Neapolitans, he prepared, conjointly with a librettist named Totola, a work on the subject of Moses in Egypt. The master's treatment of his theme showed so marked an advance towards nobility of sentiment and grandeur of design that the opera has been styled the first example of the "second manner" afterwards illustrated by *Zelmira* and *Semiramide*. Thus distinguished it met with great success at the San Carlo, and was only endangered by some absurd arrangements for representing the passage of the Red Sea, at which the audience, stimulated by a trivial march, were irreverent enough to laugh. Mention of this fact will, no doubt, recall to many minds the story that tells how, in order to avert the danger, Rossini added the grand prayer, "Dall tuo stellato;" writing it one morning, in a few minutes, while the poet waited by his bedside. The anecdote is sometimes discredited, but we fail to see on what grounds. In it there is nothing at all improbable. Moreover, it is circumstantially told by Stendhal, who wrote only five years later, and who avers that one of his friends was present in Rossini's chamber at the time. But, however this may be, the Prayer saved the opera, and made the audience wild with delight at a point where they had before felt nothing except a sense of the ridiculous. In 1826 Rossini was at the head of the Académie Royale de Musique of Paris, where, previous to composing his masterpiece, *Guillaume Tell*, he tried the effect of adapting some of his old Italian operas to the French stage. *Maometto II.* was so treated and became known as *Le Siège de Corinthe*. A year later the master took his *Mosé* in hand for a similar purpose, producing it as *Mosé en Egypte*, after having made considerable alterations and additions. Rossini was like Handel in the freedom with which he treated his own music, and did not scruple to transfer to his French opera two choruses from *Armida* and some of the ballet airs from *Ciro in Babilonia*. But he also wrote some entirely new numbers, including much of the first act, the grand finale to Act 3, and the soprano air with chorus in Act 4. Thus enlarged and improved the opera made, at the outset, a great success. But it labored under the disadvantage of wanting dramatic interest, and we are told that when it had once wearied the public, "it was in vain that the directors reduced its dimensions. It became smaller and smaller, until it at last disappeared." This seems to have been always the fate of the opera. When the original Italian version was brought out at the King's Theatre in 1822 as *Pietro l'Eremita*—the year of its performance as an oratorio—the subscribers were delighted, and we are assured that "one of the most distinguished supporters of the theatre, after protesting to the manager that he deserved well of the country, offered to propose him at White's." But the furor soon subsided, and *Pietro l'Eremita* disappeared from the bills. The same thing happened at Covent Garden in 1850, when the French version was played in Italian under the name of *Zora*, with Mme. Castellan and Signor Tamberlik in the cast, Mr. (now Sir Michael) Costa conducting. Everything was lavished upon the opera that money and skill could bring, but *Zora* became no more than a "nine day's wonder," and though Mr. Gye has once or twice of late threatened its re-production, the fulfilment of his threat is by no means likely. It will be said that in so far as these results arise from the undramatic character of the work, they have no bearing upon its production as an oratorio. The remark is just, and those who approve the step taken by the Sacred Harmonic Society are entitled to the full advantage derivable from it, as, also, from the fact that an eminent Parisian critic, M. Sauto, writing *apropos* to the revival of *Mosé* in Paris twenty-six years ago, said, with emphasis, that the opera has "all the characteristics of a veritable oratorio." Some of us may differ from M. Sauto, and do so with all the confidence of those who know better than he could know what the characteristics of a veritable oratorio are. No one wishes to deny that there are grand pages in *Mosé*. The music of the *Larghetto*, for example, is full of dignity throughout, and rises in the invocation, *Eterno, immenso, incomprendibile Dio*, even to sublimity. Of the famous Prayer—a genuine inspiration—it is unnecessary to speak, while the finale to the third act has, undeniably, the advantage of immense *verve*, as well as extreme noisiness. Admitting the sentiment of the pretty duets as a characteristic of true oratorio, there is,

also, much to be said for them, but against this what a mass of triviality ranges itself?—triviality of the worst kind, because out of place, even regarded as part of a lyric drama. The marvel was, on Friday, when strains befitting a comic opera rang through Exeter Hall in association with religious words, that the very stones of that evangelical edifice did not cry out. But the stones were silent. Not so the audience, who applauded with all the fervor of theatre-shunning people in the act of enjoying one of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainments. The performance is to be repeated in June, and no wonder, for the society has "prospected" a new field of operations destined, we sincerely trust, to prove, if it needs must be worked, a source of wealth.

The English text of Rossini's "oratorio" has been prepared by Mr. Arthur Mathison. * * * * * By whom the arrangement of the music has been done we are not told, but it indicates, in one respect at least, a skilful hand. The cream of the opera is here past question, and if it be said that the representation in C major of the great Prayer, by way of finale, is a liberty savoring of licence, the case is one in which, if ever, the end sanctifies the means. The original ending—like the entire fourth act—presents an anti-climax, whereas the Prayer rounds off the work grandly. Not having Rossini's full score before us, we cannot say how far the arranger of the Exeter Hall version has been faithful or unfaithful to it. Our impression is that he has added with a liberal hand in the direction of increased sonority. Regarding the performance, we must speak highly. It was not faultless, but it was wonderfully free from faults, looking at the novelty of the music and its character, so unfamiliar to the mass of those concerned. Both band and chorus had been well trained by Sir Michael Costa, the success of whose labors deserves frank acknowledgment and recommendation, nor were the principal vocalists, to speak generally, wanting in competence. Mme. Lemmens Sherrington devoted all her skill and energy to the part of Anais, the Hebrew maiden by Pharaoh's son, Amenophis. She was best heard in the expressive duets which are so conspicuous throughout the work, but especially in that for Anais and her mother, Zillah, "In Israel's camp alone I weep," which the experienced soprano gave with real feeling. Miss Anna Williams, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Cummings, Mr. W. Wells, Mr. Hilton, Mr. Bridson, and Herr Henschel also took part, with more or less success, the honors falling to Mr. Lloyd, who, as the Egyptian Prince, sang splendidly and excited real enthusiasm by the fine quality and power of his high notes. Herr Henschel was also particularly successful as Moses. His English pronunciation continues imperfect, and could not be otherwise than a serious drawback, but in his conception of the character and its dramatic expression he left nothing to desire. The ensembles were often highly impressive, and it will be conceded on all hands that the hearty applause which followed the conclusion of the performance justly recognized the merit of an achievement that will increase the fame of the society.

Mario Testimonial Fund.

(From the London Times, June 1.)

The fact that Mario (Conte di Candia), who, from a simple amateur, with a voice of superlative beauty as his chief credential, reached, by slow and sure steps, the highest eminence in his profession, has been for some time in reduced circumstances is well known among frequenters of the opera and amateurs in general. It was not, therefore, surprising that a committee should be formed some time ago to meet the exigencies of the case, and to raise a fund with the object of enabling the great lyric comedian to pass the remainder of his life in comparative ease. He who charmed so many for over three decades merited more than ordinary sympathy on the part of those he had delighted with his uncommon gifts and talents. The artistic career of Mario may be briefly sketched. Born at Genoa in 1812, of an ancient and honorable family, his father having been Governor at Nice, he took early to singing as a recreation, and speedily became the idol of the "salons." At the age of 24 he went to Paris, where, after many solicitations from the management of the Grand Opera (then in the Rue Lepelletier), he accepted the proposals offered to him, and in November, 1838, made his *début* as the hero of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, a character originally sustained (in 1831) by the ill-fated Adolphe Nourrit. As an actor, Mario was then, of

course, a mere novice; but the charm of his voice, as well as his prepossessing demeanor, exercised an influence which led to an engagement at the Opera Italian, a much more favorable arena for the exhibition of his natural endowments. In 1839 he was invited to London, and made his first appearance, at Her Majesty's Theatre, as Gennaro, in Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*. Here the general opinion differed in no way from that which had been pronounced in Paris. "*Vox et preterea nihil*" was the universal cry. Many amateurs foresaw a bright future in store for the young Sardinian, and, while admitting that with him the "*vis motrix*," the moving power, was the exquisite organ with which Nature had endowed him, detected signs of intelligence unnoticed by less curious observers. How the judgment of this minority proved in the end to be the true one, those who have followed the career of Mario since he first appeared among us need scarcely be told. At Her Majesty's Theatre he achieved success after success, and progress was marked in every fresh character he essayed. From Gennaro he went to *Ernesto*, gaining a popularity for the famous serenade, "*Com'è gentile*," which has never been wanting to it since. The first indelible impression created upon connoisseurs was in the *Barbiere* of Rossini, when the Almaviva of Mario was at once proclaimed "*hors ligne*," not only because of the extraordinary ease and fluency with which he executed Rossini's florid and always melodious passages—as, for example, in the serenade, "*Ecco ridente*," and the duet with Figaro, "*All'idea di qual metallo*"—but because of his acting in the *finale* to the first act. Here, in the feigned drunkenness of the Count, he proved that in such a situation he could be a gentleman, without indulging in tricks, or, as the Italians express it, "*lazzi*," to which in any circumstances no gentleman would condescend. We afterwards had his inimitable Nemorino (*L'Elisir d'Amore*), followed successively by Elvino (*La Sonnambula*), Arturo (*I Puritani*), Carlo (*Linda di Chamouni*), Percy (*Anna Bolena*), with the "*Vivi tu*" which Rubini, Mario's immediate predecessor, was first to put in vogue, Don Ottavio (*Don Giovanni*), etc. Mario's career at Covent Garden, since the time when the Royal Italian Opera was set up in opposition to Mr. Lumley and Her Majesty's Theatre, does not require to be dwelt upon at length, being generally familiar to our readers. Besides appearing on various occasions in the parts already enumerated, with the addition of some few others needless to specify, he quickly threw himself into the sphere of absolute "grand opera," becoming the most valiant champion of Meyerbeer. His Raoul de Nangis in the *Huguenots*, first with Viardot Garcia (1848), subsequently with Giulia Grisi, and his John of Leyden in the *Prophète*, also first with Mme. Viardot (1849), are still vividly remembered. In fact, from a mere histrionic tyro, Mario had become one of the greatest actors, if not the very greatest actor, on the lyric stage. His Jacopo Foscari, in Verdi's now half-forgotten opera, his Duke of Mantua in *Rigoletto*, Manrico in the *Trovatore*, Alfredo in the *Traviata*, Eleazar in the *Juive* of Halévy; his Faust, pronounced, with good reason, "*the Faust of Fausts*;" his Ricardo in the *Ballo in Maschera*, Romeo in Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta*, and, last not least (other characters being unavoidably passed over), his Fernando in the *Favorita* of Donizetti, one and all made their mark. Fernando was the character in which, now nearly seven years since, Mario took his long farewell of the English public. Such a "*farewell*," it may be justly said, was without precedent. The parts in which he had already appeared during this final series of performances were Almaviva, Faust, Raoul, Riccardo, Lionello (*Martha*), and Manrico. No character, however, could have been more wisely selected for such an occasion than that of the hero and devoted lover of the *Favorita*; and when it was stated that in taking leave of Mario, "*the leaving-taking was in honor of one long considered and upheld as the greatest, most versatile, and in all respects thoroughly accomplished lyric artist of our day*," the simple truth was uttered, without one word of exaggeration.

That Mario should now be in want of that which he himself always gave too liberally to others is sad to know. It is, nevertheless, the fact; and that fact requires no apology or explanation of what has been done in his behalf. The names of the gentlemen who act as committee—Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, Mr. J. Woodford (one of our most distinguished amateurs), and Mr. Arthur Chappell—*are sufficient guarantees that this appeal to the English public has been made on purely legitimate grounds*. That, while further donations

for the fund are still to be received by the committee, something in the shape of a concert should be regarded as a likely expedient to enrich it was natural. The much underrated professors of music are always readiest to come forward with their aid when a fellow artist stands in need. That Mme. Christine Nilsson should be foremost in the good work, for which she has expressly travelled from the Continent, will astonish no one bearing in mind what the gifted and distinguished Swedish songstress—a "*Nachtigall*," if there ever was one—has done of recent years for several of our most estimable charities; and this being her only appearance in London for the present season gave additional weight to her invaluable co-operation. How Mme. Nilsson was received may be imagined. She was in magnificent voice, as was proved at once by her admirable delivery of the "*Air des bijoux*," from *Faust*, and later in the concert by the slow movement, "*Glorio d'orrore*," from the grand duet in Rossini's *Semiramide*—her companion being no less an artist than Mme. Trebelli, whose absence from the Italian Opera up to the present moment has been much regretted, but who is happily once more a member of Mr. Mapleson's company. Mr. Sims Reeves, too, was to have taken part in the concert, but was incapacitated through indisposition from doing so. The excuse made for him, however, was a substantial one, as the letter read from the platform by Mr. Arthur Chappell will show,—

"My Dear ———,—When I give my services I am always most anxious to appear, but on this occasion I felt doubly so, and cannot find words to express how disappointed I am to be unfortunately prevented. Mario was always so good a comrade. He cannot unfortunately work longer. I can, and therefore forward you a cheque for 100 guineas, most sincerely hoping that a large sum may be collected, so as to enable him at least to live in comfort.

Yours, etc.,

J. SIMS REEVES."

Madame Trebelli rendered another service by singing the tenor part with Madame Nilsson in the duet, "*Ah morir potessi*," from Verdi's but lately revived *Ernani*. She also gave the quaint "*Chanson Espagnole*" from the late George Bizet's much-expected opera, *Carmen*, and when called back to the platform substituted "*Si vous croyez*," an air from Offenbach's *Fortunio*, in its stead; but perhaps the most finished effort of the popular contralto was the "*Tu che accendi*," with its perennial cabaletta, "*Di tanti palpiti*," from Rossini's *Tancredi*, the work from which the fame of the "*Swan of Pesaro*" may be dated. Mr. Santley, besides joining Miss Annie Butterworth and Signor Foli, in the tersetto, "*O nume benefico*," from *La Gazza Ladra*, introduced the old English ballad, "*The Vicar of Bray*," and in response to a well-merited encore gave "*The leather bottle*,"—both with genuine humor. Signor Foli's solo was the very popular "*Bedouin love-song*" of Signor Pinsuti, in which he was accompanied by the composer. A *débutante*, Mlle. de Clairvaux, also appeared at this concert, and in the melodious air "*Caro nome*," from Verdi's *Rigoletto*, made a favorable impression. This young lady possesses a pure *soprano* voice of extensive range and of very agreeable quality. It is not a strong voice, but it is one that may acquire strength and volume with the aid of adequate study and experience. In her singing Mlle. de Clairvaux displays two considerable merits; she sings invariably in tune and phrases perfectly, so that any one who may accompany her on the pianoforte has no difficulty in following. True, in Sir Julius Benedict she enjoyed the co-operation of an accompanist with few equals; but her own merits were not less apparent. She evidently understood the unhappy Gilda's soliloquy thoroughly and gave full expression to its meaning. At the end Mlle. de Clairvaux was called back to the orchestra—a sufficient proof that the audience had been gratified with her performance. That Mme. Nilsson at the conclusion should introduce some of her favorite Swedish melodies was to be expected. The selections she made were "*Fjorton år*," "*Mandom mod ock morskä men*," and "*Kom du lilla flicka*" (in obedience to an encore). The first and third of these have been already sung more than once by Mme. Nilsson; the third is also well known through the singing of Jenny Lind in years past. All three are full of charm and freshness. So, too, was the singing of Mme. Nilsson, who has rarely exhibited more *verve* and spirit, rarely imparted to the national melodies of her country more characteristic significance. It was a delightful climax to what was altogether a delightful entertainment. Most of the duties at the pianoforte were undertaken by Sir Julius Benedict, who accompanied all Mme. Nilsson's performances, and whose graceful ballad, "*Rock me to sleep*," sung by Miss Butterworth,

was a feature in the programme. Among the audience, one of the most crowded and brilliant ever assembled in St. James's Hall, were the Princess of Wales and Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. The gross receipts of the concert amounted to £1,150, exclusive of the one hundred guineas contributed by Mr. Sims Reeves.

Handel's "Jubilate."

Jubilate. Von Georg Friedrich Händel, bearbeitet von Robert Franz. [Halle: Heinrich Karmrod.]

Last month we directed the special attention of our readers to the general fact that many of Handel's finest compositions remain unfamiliar, either because the original thin score has not been filled up, or because the filling-up is not generally known. We also asked attention to the particular case of "*L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*," and pointed out that Herr Franz's thoughtful and judicious accompaniments to that noble work, being generally available, remove the only obstacle to its taking a proper place in our Festival and other programmes. Let us now do the same good office for the Utrecht "*Jubilate*," which Herr Franz, ten years ago, took into his careful hands, and, with the peculiar instinct that belongs to him, fitted for modern use. We doubt if more than a very small proportion of those who really love Handel, and claim to rank as connoisseurs of his works, know much about the Utrecht "*Jubilate*." All the same, however, it is one of the old master's grandest pages. When Handel was chosen by Queen Anne (against precedent, he being a foreigner) to write music in celebration of the peace of 1713, he had only been in England a little while on his second visit; he was in the full vigor of early manhood, and it was necessary for him to make the fullest possible use of an opportunity so distinguished. That he should give his Royal Patroness of the best appeared to him a matter of urgent policy as well as of duty, and in the "*Te Deum*" and "*Jubilate*" we have the master's greatest powers exemplified—an exemplification rewarded by a life-pension of £200. Handel appears to have himself thought well of the work, inasmuch as he took it with him down to Oxford, along with "*Athalia*," when he visited that city for the Public Act, or, as we should now call it, the Commemoration, of 1733. Music at this festivity was something new, and, many worthy people thought, something not good. Master of Arts Hearne, for example, wrote in his diary, "*The players might as well be allowed to come and act; and called Handel and his 'foreign fluffers' a 'lowsy crew'*," which was neither polite nor refined of Master Hearne, but rather of a piece with a vulgar ballad-opera of the period wherein mention is made of "*that cursed Handel, with his confounded oratorios*." However, the "*Jubilate*" was performed, and "*Athalia*" also, to the profit of the master and the satisfaction of music lovers. We do not wonder that the Utrecht music made a "*hit*." Its mingled softness and grandeur, simplicity and science, are remarkable, even for Handel, and we have abundant reason for regret if in any degree the shifting current of taste has left it—the "*Jubilate*" especially—high and dry on the sands.

Franz has treated the work with all his admitted skill. Leaving the composer's own score, as far as it has come down to us, intact, he has added parts for additional instruments with wonderful feeling for the style and character of the original. Especially interesting is the chorus, "*Oh, be joyful*," with its parts for horns, flutes, oboes, clarionets, and bassoons; and not less so the beautiful duet, "*Be ye sure that the Lord He is God*," throughout which a judicious use of the wind instruments gives color and variety alike charming. But we need not discuss details. Franz is now acknowledged as the prince of musical "*restorers*," and our duty is done when we have called attention to the works upon which his skill has been lavished.—*London Musical Times*.

MUSIC AT THE FRENCH EXHIBITION. The following is a list of the foreign musical entertainments to be given at the Exhibition: England—Mr. Leslie, leading the English choirs, and the French orchestra, specially conducted by Mr. Sullivan, will give three grand concerts of English music, on the 17th, 19th and 20th of July. The Prince of Wales will be present at the last. United States—Gilmore's orchestra, of New York, will give an American concert on the 4th of July, the anniversary of Independence. Sweden and Norway—The students of Upsal and of Christiana have arranged for two grand vocal concerts to be held in the Salle des Fêtes. A programme of Swedish classical music will be executed in one of the smaller rooms. Italy—Five concerts will be given by the orchestra of La Scala, of Milan, three by that of the Apollo Theatre, of Rome, and three of classical music, which are to be organized by the Academy of Music of Palermo. Spain—The Madrid Concert Society, composed of 100 performers, will give three concerts in the second week of July. The Quartett Society of the same city will provide three entertainments of classical music. Hungary—Two orchestras will be

heard at the Trocadéro, one comprising sixteen musicians and the other rather smaller. Moreover, the tri-gones will play every day in the Hungarian Czarda in the Champ de Mars. Belgium—Nearly all the Orpheon societies of Belgium will come to Paris, either to sing separately or to compete in the international festivals. Denmark—The French official orchestra will give, on behalf of this kingdom, a concert consisting of Danish music, and more especially of the works of Gade. Holland—Several Philharmonic and other societies will visit Paris to take part in the international contests.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 22, 1878.

The Cincinnati Festival.

That the people of Cincinnati were justly elated with the success of their great Musical Festival, no one doubts. Whether the artistic or the educational significance of that success be as great as seems to have been generally imagined, is fairly an open question. If the value of a musical festival is to be measured by its outward magnitude alone, or by that together with the successful execution of its programme, the smooth working of its multifarious immense machinery, and by the enormous crowds of listeners attracted by it, and delighted as well by the vast and sumptuous hall so generously provided for their accommodation as by the music itself, then it must pass for the most important musical event of its kind which this country has yet realized. We say of its kind, the festival kind; for the advent of a single American Handel, or Beethoven, or any really great creative musical genius, would be an event of far more consequence, though the newspapers might not find it out till he were dead and buried. Now as to the magnitude, the great scale of the undertaking, it stands admitted that Cincinnati had by far the largest and best appointed Music Hall in the whole land; in some respects, at least, the largest Organ; while the average audience throughout the four days outnumbered by some thousands any audiences that have been assembled in the spirit and the name of Music as an Art; for we count out the "Jubilee" monstrosities as foreign to the comparison, presuming that the authors of the Cincinnati festival were not ambitious to have their work measured by that sort of standard; nor is that the standard by which we measure musical progress here in Boston. The financial success, too, was wonderful; the mere possession of so much money for any future worthy enterprise in music, is something which may be counted of great importance, according as it may be wisely used.

Taking it for granted, then, that this was in truth a grand and noble festival, and on a larger scale than any yet known in our country; that the chorus was as large and possibly more effective than our Boston Handel and Haydn Chorus at its best; that the Thomas Orchestra was the largest and the best which even he has ever yet had under his control; that the solo singers formed a notable array; and that the execution of the various compositions was upon the whole as good as all the local critics and the correspondents represented, does all this weigh enough to shift the centre of musical life and culture in this country to the Queen City of Ohio? Does this justify the claim, so freely made, that Cincinnati henceforth takes rank as the Musical City of the Union? Great halls, great crowds, great festivals do not establish the musical character of a city. The most musical town in Europe, Leipsic, has all its great Symphony Concerts in a hall not large enough to seat a thousand people, and all its Oratorio and Passion music in a gloomy old church of but moderate dimensions. What gives Leipsic its musical character is the fact; (1) that Bach and Mendelssohn and so many mas-

ters lived and worked there, whose traditions and whose spirit haunt the place; (2) that more of the best and noblest music in all forms is heard there year in and year out oftener than anywhere else; (3) its Conservatorium, and (4) that the whole population thoroughly believes in music as one of the prime interests of life. In short, it is a great centre of musical culture. It takes years to bring that about; no Festival can do it, no worked up mighty demonstration. If this city of Boston has hitherto enjoyed some reputation for musical pre-eminence in a vast unmusical country, it has not been chiefly in consequence of its great musical festivals; far more has it been owing to the efforts made here in behalf of musical education, both in schools and concerts of good standard music, Symphonies, Oratorios, Chamber music, etc., etc., for some forty years past. It is because the love of what is best in music has become so deeply seated, not of course in all, nor even in the majority, but in enough minds to give a tone to the community. Has any Western city had the like experience? We, too, have had our great festivals, under the lead of our old Handel and Haydn Society, at home in Oratorio for half a century and more. But these festivals were rather the result than the beginning and prime movers in our culture; they developed spontaneously and by an innate necessity out of the interest in music fed from a thousand quiet springs for years before so bold an enterprise was thought of. In other words, our festivals have grown out of our own local musical culture and institutions; the Cincinnati festivals were implanted from without; the seed was brought by Thomas and his Orchestra; perhaps it will continue to spring up and bear fruit of its own accord hereafter; and we hope it will, and that the fruit will yet acquire its own original and native flavor.

So much of Cincinnati in the rôle of musical "head-centre." Now let us look at the Festival as such. Attention has been repeatedly called to the surpassing richness of its programme; and the programme (the quality and quantity of the music presented) is in truth the first test of the artistic importance of such an occasion. Our Handel and Haydn Society (each of whose Oratorio performances for many years might have been made the nucleus of a festival) had one great festival of a whole week on its fiftieth anniversary in 1865, with a chorus of 700 voices and an orchestra of 100 instruments. Then were performed four Oratorios ("Creation," "Israel in Egypt," "Elijah" and the "Messiah"); four grand Symphonies ("Eroica" and No. 7 by Beethoven, the great Schubert in C, and the "Scotch" by Mendelssohn); the list of Overtures included the *Coriolan* and *Leonora*, No. 3, of Beethoven, *Euryanthe*, Weber, *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn, *Tell*, *Tannhäuser*, *Rienzi*, Bennett's *Naiades*, etc., besides solos and concerted pieces. That was too much of a good thing perhaps,—the natural ambition of a first experiment.

To offset this the Cincinnati programme (wisely limited to four days) offered one Oratorio, the most familiar one, if also the best, the *Messiah*, and, in lieu of other monumental choral works of this sort, the Graner Mass by Liszt (which some might find edifying, but most hearers not) and, for the inaugural piece on the first evening, scenes from Gluck's *Alceste*, which would have been admirable in any of the following concerts, but were wholly unfit for a triumphal, stately prelude to the whole (such as Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," or Handel's "Te Deum," etc., etc., might have been), and a "Festival Ode" by Otto Singer, composed in the "Lisztian School;" for the rest some few scenes from Wagner's operas, etc. The Symphonies were the *Eroica*, the Unfinished one by Schubert, the Ninth

(with Chorus) by Beethoven, and the "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony by Berlioz. For Overtures there were the "Tannhäuser," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Tell," "Lohengrin" (Intro.), *Coriolan*, *Sakuntala* (Goldmark), Schumann's "Manfred," to which add Abert's adaptation of Prelude, etc., from Bach, and various smaller instrumental extracts. We think the first Boston festival holds its own beside this even in the instrumental pieces, while in great choral works it is far the richest, unless novelty be made the criterion; but from all that we can learn of the impression made by Liszt's Mass and Mr. Singer's Ode, we think a single standard Oratorio would have been of far more account.

But think of the order and construction of that opening programme: 1. the tragic opera, *Alceste*, lasting an hour; 2. dedication exercises, speeches, etc., another hour; 3. the painful Singer Ode, nearly a third hour; and finally, (nothing could be better in itself, but in that place sure to be beyond endurance with the thousands wearied out already), the Heroic Symphony! Thomas has put our patience to like trials here in Boston.

We may go still further and show that every one of the Handel and Haydn Festivals has presented a richer amount of the best sort of musical matter, than was heard last month at Cincinnati. For example:

First Triennial Festival, May 1868.—Chorus of 747 voices, Orchestra of 100. Oratorios: *Messiah*, *Creation*, *Samson*, and *St. Paul*. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and 95th Psalm. Nicolai's Overture and Choral: "Ein feste Burg," was the opening piece. Choral Symphony of Beethoven, Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Do., Symphony in G, Haydn, and the great Schubert in C, and the "Unfinished" one. Overtures: *Leonore*, No. 3, Mendelssohn's *Meeresstille*, etc., *Tannhäuser*, *Freyschütz*, *Jessonda*, etc. Miss Alida Topp played two Concertos: Schumann in A minor, and Liszt in E flat. Carl Rosa played a Violin Concerto by Spohr. The solo singers were Mme. Parepa Rosa, Adelaide Phillips, Miss Houston, Mrs. Cary (Barry), Messrs. Geo. Simpson, James Whitney, J. F. Winch, H. Wilde, J. F. Rudolphson and M. W. Whitney. Organist, B. J. Lang; Conductor, Carl Zerrahn.

Second Triennial, 1871. "Hymn of Praise" and Nicolai Choral Overture again. *Elijah*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Messiah*, Bach's *Matthew Passion* (about one half of it), first time in America. Symphonies: Haydn in G (No. 13); Schubert in C, and the Unfinished one; Fifth and Ninth (Choral), Beethoven Overtures: *Leonore*, No. 3; *Genoveva*, Schumann; Gade's *Ossian*; *Sakuntala*, Goldmark; *Tannhäuser*. Liszt's "Les Preludes." Concertos: Beethoven in E flat (Miss Mehlig), Schumann in A minor (Miss Krebs), Chopin in F minor (Mehlig). The solo singers were: Mme. Rudersdorff and Mr. Cummings (tenor), from London; Mrs. Houston West, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Annie Cary, Antoinette Sterling, and Messrs. W. J. and J. F. Winch, M. W. Whitney and Rudolphsen. The afternoon miscellaneous programmes offered numerous important solos for these artists.

Third Triennial, 1874. Chorus of 600; Thomas Orchestra, increased to 85. Conductors, Zerrahn and Thomas. Organist, Lang. Principal Vocalists: Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Nelson Varley from London; Miss Annie Cary, Mr. M. W. Whitney, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. West, Miss Phillips; Messrs. Geo. R. Osgood, W. J. Winch, and J. F. Rudolphsen. Oratorios: *Judas Maccabæus*; "Spring" from Haydn's *Seasons*; Mendelssohn's unfinished "Christus;" Bach's *Matthew Passion* (a fuller selection); J. K. Paine's "St. Peter" (new); *Messiah*. Shorter Choral works: "Hear my Prayer," Mendelssohn; 46th Psalm, Dudley Buck. Symphonies: Schubert, "Unfinished," Ninth of Beethoven (with Chorus);

Schumann in B flat; Raff's "Leonore;" Liszt's "Tasso,"—Overtures: *Euryanthe*; "Midsummer Night's;" Vorspiel to "Meistersinger," Wagner; *Jessonda*; *Iphigenia*, Gluck; *Coriolan*, Beethoven; "Faust," Wagner; "Magic Flute," Mozart; *Genoveva*, Schumann. All this, besides shorter miscellanies and a Concert on the great Organ by Mr. Lang, with pieces from Bach, Schumann, Mendelssohn, etc.

The Fourth Triennial, 1877, was too recent to require notice. We only name the principal vocalists: Soprani, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg and Miss Thursby; Contralti, Miss Annie Cary, and Matilde Philipps; Tenors, Chas. R. Adams and Wm. J. Winch; Bassi, M. W. Whitney and J. F. Winch.

—These things are not to be forgotten. Are all these treasures of memory all at once cancelled by the Cincinnati Festival, with its splendid hall and all its glories? We heartily congratulate our younger sister city on this proud success, and trust that, when this intoxication of new wine shall have cooled off, she will settle down into a steady and substantial progress, wherein good music shall become part of the daily life and atmosphere, and musical culture and enjoyment in a quiet way be thought of more account than demonstrations on an unprecedented scale of magnitude. There, as already here, the experience of a few years will teach that the true desideratum for a musical city is a number of moderately large music halls, seating from one to two thousand people, rather than a hall that will hold five or ten thousand.

BOYLSTON CLUB. The fourth and last Concert of the fifth season (Wednesday evening, June 5) was a remarkably good one and drew the usual appreciative invited crowd to the Boston Music Hall. The programme was as follows:

1. The Ninety-fifth Psalm.....Mendelssohn
2. Night Song in the Forest.....Schubert
Male chorus, with accompaniment of four horns.
3. { a. Welcome.....Rheinberger
b. May Song.....Franz
Mixed Chorus.
4. Song of the Summer Birds.....Rubinstein
Female Chorus.
5. Two Folk Songs:
a. "Forsaken".....From the Carinthian
Male Chorus.
b. "Have you my Darling Seen?".....Osgood
Mixed Chorus.
6. "The Dreamy Lake".....Schumann
Male Chorus.
7. "Spring".....Bargiel
Female Chorus.
8. "A May Night".....Abt
Male Chorus.
9. "How sweet the moonlight sleeps".....Leslie
Mixed Chorus.
10. Morning Song.....Raff
Mixed Chorus.

We have never found the 95th Psalm so interesting as several other works of Mendelssohn of the same kind. It has a certain uniform level and monotony of grandeur; and the additional chorus (composed some time after the main work) is hardly up to that level. Yet as a whole the Psalm has nobility of character, and shows solid, sure musicianship of course. The choruses were grandly sung by a large, well-balanced choir of carefully chosen voices. The solos, too, were in good hands: Mrs. GATES McKEOWN, Soprano, assisted by Miss HUNT in the Duet: "In his hands," and Mr. JORDAN, the first impression of whose pure and sympathetic tenor voice and conscientious style was quite agreeable.

But it was in the shorter pieces of the second part that Mr. Osgood's Chorus, whether mixed or single, appeared to the most brilliant advantage. That "Night Song in the Forest" by Schubert is the richest addition to the limited repertoire for male voices that we have heard for many a day. It is a piece of considerable length and fully conveys the feeling of the words; one could listen to it with unflagging interest were it twice as long. The four horns freshen it up delightfully and give it a rich

tint of romance; their mellow tones, for the most part *pianissimo*, as if from the distance, are never silent. They were in perfect tune and delicately, beautifully played; and the singing corresponded. Another salient feature was the exquisitely bright and lifesome rendering of the perfect little "May Song" by Franz. The sad, homely melody of the Carinthian song, "Forsaken," proved as fascinating as before, and had to be repeated; and Mr. Osgood's "Have you my darling seen?" was charmingly melodious and refined in harmony, only we felt that it was urged to almost too high a climax near the end. The pieces sung by female voices only were very captivating. Mr. Osgood's voice in the solos of "A May Night" by Abt, was greeted with an enthusiasm not easily sated. Mr. PERKINS' piano-forte accompaniment was excellent, and Mr. SUMNER lent effective support on the great Organ in the Mendelssohn Psalm.

CHICAGO, JUNE 11. I find I was premature in performing my requiem over the season of the vocal societies, for the Beethoven Society came to the front last week with the best concert they have given this year, the principal number of it being Max Bruch's "Odysseus," with orchestral accompaniment. The chorus singing was generally regarded as better than they have given before this season, and this concert will go far to rehabilitate them in public estimation. One thing, at least, can be truthfully said for the society; it has introduced nearly all the important new works that have been heard here.

The Apollo society, with an associate chorus of ladies, comes to the front with an extra concert this week.

Last week Mr. Emil Liebling gave a recital of which the *Tribune* speaks in the following complimentary terms:

Mr. Liebling's programme was admirably arranged. Commencing with the Prelude and Fugue of Mendelssohn, Op. 35, No. 1, it gave us in successive order, the C-sharp minor ("Moonlight") sonata of Beethoven; a delightful number of Rubinstein, the "Kamennol, Ostrow, No. 22," hitherto unfamiliar; the Kullak scherzo, op. 125, with some grand octave work in it; the Chopin Nocturne, op. 37, No. 2, and Scherzo, op. 39; closing with Liszt's "Twelfth Rhapsody," which was in its proper place, and for an encore to one of his numbers, a delightful little morceau of Grieg's, who, by the way, is not played nearly as often as he should be. There has rarely been a more enjoyable piano recital given in this city, or one more liberally attended by those capable of appreciating piano music, and this, in itself, was an eloquent tribute to Mr. Liebling as a musician. Mr. Liebling cannot be said to have pleased himself upon the public. He has come before it at long intervals, but at each appearance he has had something to say, and he has said it so well that he has always been welcome. He is one of the few pianists who at each appearance shows that he has advanced since the one before, which speaks strongly for his close work as a student. It is not rash to assert that with his clear, bright perceptions, his finish of technique, and the remarkable refinement that characterizes his general interpretation, he will reach a high position among the few really great players of this country. The vocal assistance by Mr. McWade and Miss White was in keeping with the general spirit of the recital. The latter sang two Schumann songs, rarely heard,—"Es treibt mich hin" and "Mit Myrthen und Rosen,"—Gottschalk's song, "O loving heart, trust on," and, for an encore to the latter, Molloy's quaint ballad, "The Clang o' the Wooden Shoon."

On Friday evening Mme. De Roode-Rice gave a pupil's concert at Hershey Hall, with a programme of decided excellence. Mme. Rice is one of the best half dozen piano teachers here.

The best thing about the musical aspect of this city is the remarkable and healthy increase in the smaller musical activities of a genuine character. Of course I do not mean by this church concerts, for these are of a "shoddy" character well understood. I refer to concerts of chamber music, lectures on musical literature and history, etc. Now, for instance, last Wednesday afternoon Mr. Frederic Grant Gleason (one of the directors of the Hershey School) gave a lecture on Musical History, illustrated by important selections. At the same hour Mr. Fred. W. Root gave a lecture on "Vocal Method" in Miss Fannie Root's music studio, which was attended by forty or fifty interested listeners. Mr. Root holds some views of his own on this subject, but he has been very successful in attracting and retaining the better class of vocal pupils; which is natural enough, as he is a conscientious and hard-working student.

Then on Saturday morning, Mr. Hattstaedt delivered a lecture on the History of Music at the Musical College with illustrations from the works of Handel, Bach, and Gluck, among them being the Bach *Chaconne* played by Mr. A. Rosenbecker, the violin-teacher there. This gentleman is a sound musician and was one of Theodore Thomas's violins for seven years (I believe). He plays in a firm, effective, and very satisfactory manner. He is

at present the first violin of the Liesegang Quartet. And this reminds me that arrangements have been made in pursuance of which the Liesegang Quartet will give a series of concerts of chamber music next season under the auspices of the Musical College, and therein, it seems to me, an important advance is made, as this arrangement will secure a much larger audience than their previous performances have enjoyed. Both these creditable departures of the College have no doubt been stimulated by the previous efforts of the Hershey Music School, which was the first institution here to make any considerable provision of music to be heard. The College has always shown considerable enterprise, especially in affording an orchestral accompaniment to the Concertos they bring out in their annual concerts. I am of the opinion, however, that more real influence is to be exerted in improving the public taste for music of a high order, by means of good singing of especially Schubert and Schumann songs (in understandable English) and by really superior piano recitals, than in any other way just at present. Next to this comes the string quartet; and then other chamber music.

Piano recitals are educative, because, in the first place, the selections are more likely to be of a high order and consistent with each other and with Art; and, second, because the public begins to comprehend piano-playing; and, third, because there are better piano-players to be had than there are artists in other lines of music.

Besides, there is another very important element. A public performance of music in order to be of educative force needs to be an *interpretation*. This it will not be except in the hands of a real artist; and not then unless he understands and is familiar with his piece. Nor even then will it convince the audience unless performed with repose and complete concentration. And this will not be unless the piece is played by heart. When the player's mind is occupied with reading the notes, just so much is taken away from the playing. I was conversing with one of the best public readers in America lately, and I found that the same fact exists in elocution. The highest and best things cannot be done except one is master of the text, and addresses himself directly to the audience.

I have been studying this question of public performance without notes, both in my own teaching and as I have listened to the playing of others, and it seems to me that, on the organ especially, where there are so many distractions, the effect would be very much improved and the pieces become much more intelligible if the player could first learn them himself. I have several times heard fugues and other pieces played without notes, and there was a clearness and a perfect co-ordination of the parts that I have looked for in vain in the most distinguished virtuoso performances. If organ or piano music is ever to become interesting to the average man, it will be made so by players who will play such pieces as they have liked well enough to learn. And it seems to me that performances from notes should be called *Readings* rather than *Recitals*.

Speaking of educational doings reminds me that Mme. Rivé-King (who by the way is a musician as well as a pianist) has lately edited Chopin's great variations on "La ci darem la mano" (Op. 2), omitting the parts impossible for piano solo, and providing alternate simplifications of the more difficult passages, in such a way as to bring the piece within reach as a concert solo. She has also put together a prelude of Habermeyer's and Gullmunt's organ fugue in D major (the subject of which is so curiously like a phrase in Weber's "Perpetual Motion") the latter being transcribed in an immensely effective manner. An elegant and sparkling salon waltz of her own, and an edition of Liszt's Second Rhapsody most carefully prepared for teaching, are also among her recent productions. All of which goes to her credit with

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

Foreign Notes.

(From London Musical Times, June 1.)

Herr F. Hiller's new choral work, "Rebecca," is short-ly to be performed at Stuttgart.

Herr Wilhelmj, the eminent violinist, has again been seriously ill during his visit to Italy, but is now on the way to recovery. The great artist is stated to have entered into an engagement for a concert-tour in North America extending over seven months, and commencing in autumn next, for which he will receive the sum of £10,000.

Mdme. Panline Lucca, whose name now but rarely appears before the public, has recently created great enthusiasm at the Imperial Opera at Vienna in her impersonation of the rôle of Donna Anna in "Don Giovanni."

On the occasion of M. Faure's benefit performance at the Imperial Opera at Vienna, the Orchestra played a new *Gavotte* by Signor Arditi, which was unanimously re-demanded by the auditors. Both M. Faure and Madame Nilsson have left the Austrian capital, neither of these artists intending, it is said, to accept any operatic engagement for the present. The performances of Opera in German at the Imperial establishment in question commenced on the 4th ult., with Gluck's "Armida."

The second Mozart Festival is to be held at Salzburg about the middle of next month under the conductorship, as last year, of Herr Dessoff. The orchestra will consist of members of the Imperial Opera at Vienna, as well as of musicians from various German music institutions.

Herr von Wolzogen, the zealous commentator on the works of Herr Wagner, has a new work in the press, wherein he examines, from a philological point of view, "the diction of Richard Wagner's poetry."

A new choral and orchestral work entitled "Barbarossa's Erwachen," was performed for the first time last month at Darmstadt with great success. The author, both of poetry and music, is Herr C. A. Mangold, and the work is said to be one of exceptional merit.

A Requiem for orchestra, organ, chorus, and soli, by M. Saint-Saëns, was performed for the first time at the church of Saint-Sulpice, in Paris, on the 22nd ult., in memory of the composer's late intimate friend, M. Libon. A great many musical artists assembled on the occasion.

M. Adolphe Jullien has just completed a series of interesting articles in the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, entitled "Raconé et la Musique," in which he traces the influence exercised by the works of the great French dramatic poet upon musical composers, among them upon Grétry, Gluck, Graun, Rameau, Boieldieu, and Mendelssohn.

Franz Liszt is shortly expected in Paris to form part of the International Jury in the musical section of the Exhibition, as representative of Hungary.

The remains of Rossini will shortly be transferred to Florence, and placed in the Church of Santa Croce, where the dust of Michael Angelo, Dante, Alfieri, Machiavelli, Galileo, and Cherubini already repose.

We subjoin the programmes of Concerts recently given at some of the leading institutions abroad:—

Paris.—Société Nationale de Musique (April 27): Melancholia, orchestral work (S. Roussseau); Air from "Balthille" (Salomé); Symphonie gothique (Godard); Piano-forte Concerto, No. 1 (Saint-Saëns). Société Nationale (May 7): Overture, "Beatrice" (Bernard); "La Forêt enchantée," Légende-Symphonie (D'Indy); Concerto for hautboy (Madame de Grandval); Lamento, Fantaisie Orchestrale (Chabrier); Sérénade for violin (Lalo). Société des Compositeurs de Musique (May 23): String-quartet (Dancel); Madrigal for five voices (H. Cohen); Sonata for two pianofortes (Pfeiffer); "Maguelonne," Scène Lyrique (Laussel); Quintet for flute, hautboy, clarinet, cornet, and bassoon (Taaffel).

Leipzig.—Chorgesangverein (April 11): "Pilgrimage of the Rose" (Schumann); Choral Fantasia (Beethoven). Thomas-Choir (April 14): "Last Judgment" (Spohr).

Berlin.—Singakademie (April 19): "Der Tod Jesu," Oratorio (Graun). Sternscher-Verein (April 20): "St. Matthew Passion Music" (Bach). Bilse Concert (April 20): March C minor (Schubert-Liszt); Symphony B flat major (Beethoven); Funeral March (Chopin), etc. Bilse Concert (April 24): Rhapsody No. 3 (Liszt); Feuerzauber from Walküre (Wagner); Symphony "In the Forest" (Raff). Soirée of the Tonkünstler-Verein (May 11): Sonata for pianoforte and violin (Brahmüller); Romance for flute (Saint-Saëns); Nocturne for violin (Field); Tarantelle for flute and clarinet (Saint-Saëns).

MISS THURSBY IN LONDON. Our sweet singer is winning the laurels which her last instructor, Mme. Rudersdorff, predicted for her. Here is *Figaro's* report (May 29) of her first appearance before the old London Philharmonic Society:

THE *début* at the last Old Philharmonic concert of the young American soprano, Miss Emma Thursty, excited a good deal of interest, thanks to the fame which had preceded her from the New World. Miss Thursty, it is well known, is a vocalist of purely American blood and culture, she has elected to eschew the glittering enticements of the operatic stage, and in oratorio generally, and in the music of Mozart and Handel in particular, she had earned for herself high renown in the United States. Mr. Maurice Strakosch had, it is known, engaged her for a European tour, at a salary which seemed extravagant even to English notions, so extravagant, indeed, that the impresario was compelled to seek a cancellation of his contract. Miss Thursty, however, resolved to cross the Atlantic on her own account, to obtain that European endorsement of her merits which our American cousins invariably decry, but which they almost as invariably accept. Miss Thursty is, in truth, one of the best vocalists we have had from the United States. She has a fine soprano voice, rich in quality, especially in its middle register, upper notes which are brilliant, if a trifle hard, and an easy, cultivated style, which shows careful training as well as strong artistic instincts. Miss Thursty selected for her *vêtu* Mozart's "Mia speranza adorata," and a version, with Italian words, of "Jours de mon enfance," from the "Pré aux Clercs." The lady, it is said, proposes to make but a brief sojourn in London, a fact which will be regretted. Signor Papini played Spohr's "Dramatic" concerto, but his talents are better suited to chamber than to orchestral music. The orchestra played the Symphony in C, of Schubert, and the "Naiades," "Leonora," and

"Oberon" overtures, and Madame Patey sang the "Agnus Dei," from Bach's Mass in B minor, and "Creation Hymn" ("Die ehre Gottes aus der Natur," one of the six lieder composed to poetry by Gellert in 1803, and dedicated by Beethoven to Count von Browne.

The *Times* (May 26) says:

There is no doubt that the lady has really a splendid soprano voice, with a remarkable upward extension under the most complete control. She has evidently studied carefully, and her method does great credit to her preceptors. In the aria "Mia speranza adorata," which Mozart wrote for his sickle Aloysia Weber (Madame Lange), and in Herold's "Dell'età mia primiera" (*Pre aux Clercs*) Miss Thursty secured an emphatic success, and was greeted with every mark of approval.

The *Academy* (May 25) expresses its opinion as follows:

THE special feature of the sixth Philharmonic Concert, given on Wednesday evening at St. James's Hall, was the first appearance in Europe of the American singer, Miss Emma C. Thursty. Readers of American musical papers will not need to be informed that Miss Thursty has been for some time one of the established favorites of our cousins across the Atlantic; and the success achieved here during the last few years by two other American vocalists—Mlle. Albani and Mrs. Os-good—naturally caused Miss Thursty's appearance to be awaited with interest. It may be said at once that the lady more than satisfied all reasonable expectations. She has a high soprano voice, of considerable power and sympathetic quality, extending to the E flat in alt.; she sings with genuine feeling, and with an unaffected style, which at once commended her to all lovers of pure music. She chose for her *début* Mozart's concertaria "Mia speranza adorata" and the well-known "Jours de mon enfance," from Herold's *Pré aux Clercs*. Her success was unmistakable, and we gladly welcome in her a valuable addition to the ranks of our soprano singers. Madame Patey sang at the same concert the "Agnus Dei" from Bach's Mass in B minor.

The *Standard* says:

The result of her *début* goes far to prove the soundness of our American cousins' judgment, the lady not only possessing a pure and rich voice of remarkable range, but singing with the facility of a practised artist. In Mozart's song, "Mia speranza adorata" Miss Thursty's command of the upper octave was ably displayed, the music appearing to have no difficulties for her whatever, and the notes in alt being taken with as faultless precision as those in the middle register. The scene, all amateurs are aware, was written for an exceptionally high voice, and Miss Thursty not only possesses the requisite means, but also the necessary intelligence to do it complete justice. In the song from Herold's opera, "Jours de mon enfance," the young American lady secured a second triumph, and altogether it is evident that in this *artiste* we have a valuable addition to our list of concert singers.

And here we have the same opinion in the *Telegraph*:

The vocal part of the programme was made unusually interesting by the appearance of an American soprano, Miss Emma C. Thursty, who occupies a high position in her own country, and has now come, for the first time, to seek distinction under the more trying conditions exacted by the fiercer rivalry of Europe. Miss Thursty, we believe, has received instruction from that excellent artist and accomplished teacher, Madame Rudersdorff. It is not, then, surprising that she exhibits the evidence of true culture, or that, as a singer, she presents a genuine claim to favor. The young lady has a high soprano voice of rare purity and sweetness. Her intonation is without fault, and her feeling for the music she sings is combined with a power of unaffected expression that at once enlisted the sympathy of her hearers. Miss Thursty's songs were Mozart's recitative, "Mia speranza adorata!" with rondo, "Ah! non sai," and the air, "Jour de mon enfance," from "Le Pré aux Clercs." Of these the first suited her better than the second, and the audience, who recalled the young stranger twice, seemed disposed to hear it again. Miss Thursty's *début* was a real success. The directors of the Philharmonic Society, by their secretary, wrote to her on the 28th of May as follows: "The directors desire to return you their sincere thanks for the pleasure you gave them and the subscribers to the society at their last concert by your charming, sympathetic singing. They hope the success you had will in some measure compensate you for the trial of a first appearance in a new country. They ask you to kindly accept an engagement to sing again on the 12th of June, when you will be the only vocalist." Miss Thursty was also engaged to sing on the 8th of June in the "Messiah" with the Royal Society of Musicians; on the 18th of June at Henry Leslie's last concert; on the 22d at the Crystal Palace, with Santley, Reeves and others; and on the 27th—"Commemoration Day"—at Oxford in "Fridolin."

Special Notices.

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"And the night, in accent light
Calls to rest,—to rest."
A most "restful" song, with melody and accompaniment in good accord.

Bright Angels, open the Door. Song and Cho. Ab. 2. E to E. Reden. 30
"The blessed and the holy
In that bright home of glory."
One of the "Heaven" songs. Composed for I. D. Sankey.

Away we'd fly. (Ti raperei). F. 4. c to E. Tosti. 50
"Oh! se tu fossi mecco."
"Oh! if thou wert with me, love."
Madame Maria Roze sings it. Rich music.

Baby mine. D. 2. b to F. Booth. 30
"Oh! I long to see his face
In his old accustomed place."
Perfectly sweet lullaby.

An empty Pocket is the worst of Crimes. Eb. 3. b to E. Bishop. 40
"Presumptuous Poverty's quite appalling!
Knock him over! Kick him for falling."
Decidedly sarcastic, but a fine song.

Instrumental.

Frank and Free. Grand Military March. Bb. 3. Steinhagen. 35
The title aptly describes the free and rich movement of the march, which cannot fail to please.

Sweet Bye and Bye. Opus 1994. Ab. 4. Grobe. 60
Still another nice arrangement of a universal favorite, which may please in "1994" as it does to-day.

Echoes of Home. Popular Melodies arranged and fingered for the Pianoforte by W. Smallwood, each 40
No. 1. The Wishing Cap. F. 2.
"4. O, Fair Dove. F. 2.

Quite easy and pretty instructive piece, of which the length makes it just the thing for the first "long piece" of beginners.
Petite Gavotte. E minor. 3. Draper. 30
Very neatly and classically constructed, so as to make it an "elegant recreation."

March from the Opera Fatinitza. G. 3. Supplé. 35
A sort of March-Rondo of very agreeable quality, and has a somewhat novel arrangement.

Evening Whispers. Reverie. F. 5. Clouston. 50
A very beautiful "poem without words" suggested by a stanza by Longfellow.

Radieuse. Grand Valse de Concert. B. 6. Gottschalk. 75
The same for 4 hands. 1.50

This is Gottschalk's Waltz, arranged by May-lath, with the intention of making it somewhat easier than the original. The 4 hand arrangement may be marked 5 for difficulty.

Joyful Strains. Medley Quadrille. 3. Schacht. 40
Has an agreeable *mélange* of popular airs.

Whispers from Erin. F. 4. Rockstro. 75
The "whisperings" are about "Oft in the Still Night," and "The Young May Morn," which are managed so as to produce a brilliant and graceful piece.

Jolly Youth. Galop. Eb. Sudds. 50
Unites grace with brilliancy in a special degree.

Humoresque. Op. 10. G. 3. Tschaiikowsky. 35
The idea that "humor" can be expressed without the use of words is a queer one; but the quaint arrangement of this piece seems to unite wit and beauty.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

